

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NO. 24

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VOL 1.

Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A WORD.

BY J. CHRYSAL.

A word may seem a simple thing,
Yet, simple though it be,
It can impart a bitter sting,
Or fire the soul with glee.

How often hath the joy-lit eye
Been caused to drop a tear,
The heart to heave a bitter sigh,
By language too severe.

Thought, reason, wisdom e'er employ
Ere words escape the tongue,
Rob not thy brother's heart of joy
By poisoned arrows flung.

But think how you, yourself, would feel,
Should others make a dart,
And tear a wound you fain would heal
In some most tender part.

The thoughtless word may oft crush down
Hearts battling 'gainst despair,
And add impetus to the frown
Misfortune planted there:

Or, like cold winter's blighting breath
That blasts the budding flowers,
And smites the lovely things with death
Ere yet their sweets be ours.

O, let us strive that we may drive
Such foolish things away,
And seek to know, while here below,
The brighter, better way.

That peace and love, as known above,
May make our bosoms swell,
And each rejoice to raise his voice
His brother's joys to tell.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Voices from Nature.

THE TWO ROSES.

AMONG all European nations there is not one excelling the French in their love for flowers, roses especially. Scarcely a family throughout the land, in city or country, can be found without their flower pots; and flowers are brought out on every occasion to enhance by their beauty and fragrance the arrangements of festivals, which nobody can get up with more taste and gentility than a Frenchman. A great many years ago there lived in the great city of Paris, the metropolis of France, a poor widow with her daughter, a young girl of about seventeen years of age. They had formerly lived in affluence and ease in some place in the country; but at the death of the husband and father, their property had been sold out by merciless creditors, and they sought refuge in the big city, where nobody knew them, to earn a livelihood with their needle. Of all their former comforts nothing was left them but a beautiful rosebud, in a large pot, standing at the window of their humble dwelling, and bearing, although it was late in the fall of the year, two buds. The mother had been confined to her bed with sickness for a long time, and it was clearly apparent that she was hastening rapidly to her end; but was nursed by her daughter, with an affectionate tenderness which at once showed the brave girl and the loving daughter. One evening, having spent a day of more than usual suffering, the mother called her daughter to the bed, and told her that her hour had come, and she had to

die; but comforting her weeping child, she, as though inspired, said: "My daughter, the Father in Heaven has seen your care and what you have done for me, and I bless you in His holy name. You will not be forsaken when I am gone, for a mother's blessing will be your inheritance, and He, the Father of the orphan, will pay all my debt to you; but promise me to plant one of those white roses, when they blossom, on my grave, for they come from the bush that grew in my childhood's home." The young girl promised it with tears and kisses, and in a few hours later stood alone in the world.

The sickness of her mother had nearly drained her purse; the expenses of the funeral took her last sou; and when, a few days after, the landlord entered her room for the rent, she had nothing to pay. With politeness, which a Frenchman seldom forgets before ladies under any circumstance, but with a heart as hard as stone, he listened closely to her entreaties for patience and simply shrugged his shoulders. At this moment his eyes fell upon the rosebush, one of the buds of which was about to open into bloom, and advised her to sell it to a gardener, as such a bush in blossom at that time of the year would bring enough money to pay the rent. Without hesitation the young girl refused the proposal, declaring that one of the roses had been promised already and she had no right to sell them. The landlord very politely deplored this circumstance; but informed her that she would have to leave his house the next morning. As he left, he told her, that he would be obliged to retain her few pieces of furniture as pay for the rent. Scarcely had he gone when the unhappy girl threw herself upon her knees, and with bitter tears, called upon her mother to come and take her away from this world. In her agitation she had not noticed the entrance of a richly-dressed servant, who, respecting the grief of the stricken girl, waited in silence at the door until he would be observed; then, with such an apology as the occasion required, informed her that his mistress, waiting in her carriage at the door, had seen the roses at the window and desired to know if Mademoiselle would sell one of them for one hundred francs. Like an answer from beyond the grave, and a reproach for her despair, came this message to her, and with new hope she sent the rose away, and received the money, which seemed to her almost a fortune.

The next morning she beheld with joy that the other rose was also opening in splendor and beauty, and true to her promise, she prepared herself at once to take it to her mother's grave, when the same servant of yesterday entered her room with a note for her. It was from a highborn and noble lady, who regretted that by some accident her white rose had been spoiled, and offering her 500 francs for the other one, which she wished to obtain as a birthday present for her mother. With astonishment the servant heard her regret that she could not sell the rose, as it was already promised to somebody else, and she was just going out to take it there. After the servant had gone, the young girl, with her white rose carefully wrapped up in her shawl, left her humble abode to accomplish her sacred errand—to visit her mother's grave and fulfil her promise. She did not notice that she was followed at some distance by a carriage. She finally entered the graveyard, and having found her mother's resting place, knelt down, and weeping, and with many kisses, planted her rose on the grave. "O my mother," she cried, in the midst of her sobs, "here is your rose which I promised; O tell my Father in heaven to help me."

She had believed herself to be alone; but imagine therefore her confusion when she, in turning round, beheld a young lady leaning upon the arm of a gentleman and apparently deeply affected by what she saw, and the same servant standing respectfully at some distance

behind them. The lady held out her hand, and said, "come home with me, my dear girl. The Lord has sent us, and a better birth-day present I could not give to my own dear mother than to bring her a daughter that has thus honored her own mother, though in the grave; and to you I always will be a sister. This is my husband, dear, and he joins me in the desire to have you live with us in our family." And with gratitude the young girl entered her new sphere of life, to which she was an ornament all her days. K. G. M.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

AVALANCHES, OR SNOW SLIDES.

OFTEN during the winter season in this country, after heavy falls of snow, large quantities of it will become detached from the sides of the mountains and slide down into the canyons, blocking up the roads and burying underneath everything on which it happens to fall. Sometimes men are thus buried under the snow and killed, and then the results are very heart-rending, especially to the friends of those who so untimely lose their lives. But if people, when in the canyons in winter time where there is much snow on the sides of the mountains, would be sufficiently cautious, fatal accidents of this kind would not occur near so often.

How little are we led to think, as the light, feathery flakes of snow fall noiselessly and gently on the ground, that this frozen vapor which melts in the hand and seems so light that it appears a wonder almost how it falls to the ground, could crush human beings, and even houses, under its weight, so that strong men would be powerless as infants. But so it is; they are borne down by it, unable to save themselves, and are suffocated.

Serious as are the snow slides sometimes in our canyons, they are trifling when compared with those which occasionally occur in some other parts of the world. In Switzerland, Europe, the snow at times slides down the sides of the very high mountains there, gathering bulk and force as it descends, until it dashes into the valleys below, burying men, cattle, houses, and even whole villages under it, as they happen to be where it descends. Snow-slides are called avalanches there, and the word has a terrible meaning to the people who live near the base of those mountains; for when an avalanche begins to descend, it dashes down so swiftly and with such terrific force, that it is impossible to get out of its way.

Some of our little readers may wonder why people should live in such dangerous places; but they might as well wonder why men should go up into our canyons in the winter time, where there is a similar danger, though on a smaller scale. People do a great many things and live in places that are not very safe, for the purpose of gaining a livelihood; and the inhabitants of those mountain valleys have been born there, have, most of them, always lived there, and, as a consequence, think it about the best place in the world in which to live.

Now, fancy mountains two, three and some of them nearly four times as high as the Twin Peaks rise above the level of Great Salt Lake Valley, covered with snow which on the tops and part way down the sides never melts, and then think of a mass of this snow becoming loosened and sliding down, becoming larger and larger every yard it goes, until it has bulk enough to form a hill of snow where it stops in the valley beneath, and you may form some little idea of an avalanche.

It may be the lot of some of our young readers to visit that country in future years, as preachers of the gospel, for many of our elders have been there, and there are Saints living in that country. If they should do so, they will better be able to understand why the cry of "An Avalanche is coming" should strike terror

into every heart who hears it. But if they never go there, they should learn to be cautious if they have to go into the canyons here in the winter time, and not needlessly or carelessly expose their lives to such danger as a snow-slide involves. And they should pray to our Father in heaven, that His Spirit may ever be with them to reveal unto them every danger by which they may be threatened, of this or any other kind, that they may know how to take proper steps to avoid it, and preserve their lives for usefulness upon the earth.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE GEORGE VISITS THE BIG CITY.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE GEORGE began to feel more contented and satisfied to live inside the high walls which surrounded him, for he had found kind friends there.

He often visited the governess, and also the cook in the kitchen. He was also permitted to go anywhere in the gardens, for now he did not have any desire to run away; and the men who worked in the gardens were kind to him, because he would not pluck the fruit, nor touch a flower, nor tread upon the ground which they had dug without asking permission. And even the old nurse began to be more kind to him, and gave him a softer shirt to wear which added much to his physical comfort. He did not now feel alone in the world.

He made for himself many new friends, because he delighted to do everything that he was asked to do, that is, anything that he could do; and sometimes he would try to do things that he was not really able to do, that he might please somebody, and win from them a smile of approval. Indeed, he had become a general favorite with everybody who knew him.

He began to feel that he did not care much whether he ever went back to the big city or not, and when people were going out on Saturdays to visit their friends he did not cry to go out too, as he formerly did. He loved his newly-made friends, and would not for the world do anything that would make them less friendly to him; and he was very careful not to do anything that would cause them to deprive him of any privilege they had granted him; or make them think that he was a bad boy and needed to be watched, lest he should get into mischief and do something wrong.

His wild, ungovernable, unchecked impulses to do as he liked, and go where he liked, and go when he liked, had given way to the sensible and healthy rules of the poor-house; so that, when the old nurse appeared in the morning, he was out of bed and dressed as readily as any of the boys, and he did it with a hearty good will. When required to wash his hands and face, he did it cheerfully; and when he was placed in front of a bowl of milk, and a plate of good oatmeal porridge, he did not push it away from him, and say that he wanted something else, but he ate it up in good earnest, and he ate it all up so clean that there was not left on his plate enough to make a mouthful for a mouse. The little piece of bread, about four inches square and three quarters of an inch thick, that always laid beside his plate, he would put in his pocket to eat between breakfast and dinner time, and he ate it by little pinches at a time, and would not waste a single crumb. When the school bell rung he ran at once to school, that he might be in his seat in good time; and he took pleasure in going to school, the old teacher was always so kind to him.

He was learning to read very fast, and the school teacher had given him a slate and pencil, with which he was learning to write. When he was tired of writing, he would often amuse himself by drawing the head and face of the old teacher on his slate, and he was always very particular to make the big-eyed spectacles. He had become quite happy, for he never was hungry now; he had good coarse clothing to wear, and when night came, he had a comfortable bed to sleep on, he had playmates to play with, kind friends to smile upon him, and a good school teacher to teach him to read and write, and to pray. In short he had been placed in a good home, in which he was well provided for, and for which he began to understand that he ought to be thankful to the Lord. The old school teacher had always tried to show him that he was better off there than when running wild in the streets of the big city, and that it was the will of the Lord he

should be confined inside of the big walls that he might learn to read and write and be taken care of.

One day when little George was in the governess' room, she asked him if he would like to go out on a visit to the big city.

"O yes, ma'am, I would like to go to the big city, and let the kind lady see me in my new clothing which you have given me."

"Well, I will see the governess, and get you a ticket-of-leave, and you can go to-morrow."

Little George thanked her for her kindness.

He was now all excitement, and could not rest until he had told the cook, and the gardener, and the school teacher, and the boys, that he was going to the big city to-morrow, and he felt that to-morrow would never come. When he went to bed that night he could not sleep for sometime, thinking about to-morrow and his visit to the big city. He thought how glad the kind lady would be to see him; and in the strength and freshness of his young imagination, he could see her opening the door to let him in, and raising her hands in wonder and astonishment to see such a little gentleman paying her a visit. And then, he thought he would let her see how he could read, and what a smart little fellow he had become since she last saw him.

Filled with hope and pleasant expectations of the pleasure and happiness that awaited him to-morrow he fell asleep.

To-morrow came. It was a beautiful winter day. The morning was cloudless, and the sun made everything bright, although in that climate the days are very short in the winter time. Little George got a ticket-of-leave, gave it to the man at the black, ugly looking gate with the grating in it, and in another minute he found himself on the other side of the dark walls, as free as the sparrows that sat chirping on the top of them. The bells of the old church were ringing a merry peal, which they did almost every day; but little George thought that he never heard them ring so merrily before. He was so glad he did not know what to do with himself. He ran, and then he laughed, and once he was very near crying he was so glad.

It was not long before he was mixed up in the crowd, which always thronged the streets of the big city. He admired the shops, and the coaches, and the wagons and carts, and the people that were passing to and fro, and he thought all the people looked glad and felt as happy as he did.

He went joyfully on towards that part of the city where the kind lady lived, thinking what a surprise he had in store for her, and wondering what she would say and do; and Oh, would she not be so glad to see him! He finally reached the city, and the door of the house where the kind lady lived. He fixed his cap, and pulled down his vest, and straightened himself up to give her as big a surprise as possible before he knocked at the door. This done, he knocked. He heard footsteps, his little heart moved within him with happiness at the surprise he was about to give her. The door opened, and a strange woman, in a peevish tone of voice, said,

"What do you want?"

Little George's bright dream vanished in the twinkling of an eye, his heart sank within him, and with stammering lips he said,

"Please, ma'am, I want to see the——"

"See whom? Do you mean Mrs.——?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well I know nothing about her, she has moved away from here," and with these words, she shut the door, leaving little George on the outside in tears.

UNCLE GEORGE.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

GEHAZI AND NAAMAN.

AFTER the cure of Naaman's leprosy, and while he was expressing to Elisha his thankfulness and praise; still urging the prophet to accept some of his treasures, that by this means he might show his gratitude in part; there was one present who became angry at Elisha's continued refusals. It was Gehazi, the prophet's servant. He had hoped his master would have taken some of the fine raiment and the gold and silver of the Syrian Captain, expecting if he did so, to obtain a share himself. When he found these hopes were doomed to disappointment, he came to the determination to de-

ceive Naaman, and by false pretences obtain some of his riches from him. His plan was soon formed and at once carried into effect. Naaman had proceeded but a short distance on his journey, when he was informed that the prophet's servant was running after, and hailing him. He at once stopped his chariot and turned to meet him. Gehazi, with deceit in his heart and a lie on his lips, informed him that his master, Elisha, had sent him to say he had just had two young men of the sons of the prophets come to his house from Mount Ephraim, that they were in want, and though he would take nothing himself, he would accept for them one talent of silver (not quite 2,000 dollars) and two changes of clothing.

Naaman never doubted for a moment the truth of this very plausible story. He was only too pleased to be able in some way to help the servants of that God who had so kindly granted to him the life-long desire of his heart. So, not content with giving Gehazi what he imagined Elisha sent for, he made him take twice the amount, and sent a servant back with him to bear the load. This servant Gehazi sent back to his master when they approached the prophet's house; so that no one should see him hide his ill-gotten treasure.

Elisha, however, though he did not see what had taken place, was not ignorant of his servant's misconduct. He was clothed with the priesthood and the power of the living God. He could read the thoughts of men and reveal the secret intentions of their hearts. When Gehazi entered his room, he asked him, "from whence he had come?" To this question he received the lying reply that he had not been anywhere. The Prophet at once informed him that he was aware of what he had been doing; and, for his sin he cursed him with the leprosy of Naaman, that it might come upon him and his children for ever. Then Gehazi went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow. It is said that to this day, there live in that part of the country a family of lepers who are the descendants of Gehazi, living testimonies to all men of the folly of practising deception and telling lies to the servants of the Lord.

How sad a thing it is for men to lie to God. How foolish to try to deceive his priesthood. Gehazi fancied he could hide his sin from Elisha. We have seen how miserably he deceived himself. The Spirit of the Lord revealed his wrong doing, and all his lying could not hide it up. Ananias and Sapphira thought they could deceive Peter, when they told him they had sold their property, and had laid all they had received for it at his feet. The apostle knew by the spirit of his calling that they had kept back a part. He told them so; but they would not admit it, and straightway suffered from the indignation of God, and died with the lie on their tongues.

The power of Elisha and Peter, of the prophets and apostles, is with the Latter-day Saints to-day. The servants of God know when boys and girls, or men and women, tell them untruths or seek to deceive them. None can do it; for the Lord is with his prophets. His Spirit directs them, and by it all things are made known to them. Even to the secret counsellings of the rulers of the nations afar off, who seek to destroy the people of God. On one occasion, the king of Syria fancied there was a traitor in his councils, who informed the king of Israel of his sayings and doings. He was told however, that there was no one who acted so basely towards him, but that there was a prophet in Israel who revealed to his king, the Syrian monarch's most secret plans, and what he said even in his bed chamber. This is also the case to-day. We cannot hide our motives from the Lord, nor conceal our doings from his servants. What a lesson we should all learn from this case of Gehazi's not to trifle with the authority of the living God. Our punishment may not come upon us as swiftly as it fell on Gehazi, yet it will be none the less sure. God is not to be mocked, and he demands that his servants be honored. G. R.

THE RIVERS AND THE SEA.—Once upon a time the Rivers complained against the Sea, and, going in a body, accused her, saying: "Why is it that when we Rivers pour our waters into you so fresh and sweet, you straightaway render them salt and unpalatable?" The Sea, observing the temper in which they came, merely answered: "If you do not wish to become salt, please to keep away from me altogether."

Those who are most benefited are often the first to complain.—*Aesop's Fables.*

The Juvenile Instructor.


GEORGE Q. CANNON,.....EDITOR.

DECEMBER 15, 1866.

To PREVENT disappointment on the part of those who call at this office in the city to settle business, we wish to advise them that on the days between the 1st and 15th of January next, Elder Joseph Ball, who attends to the business of the paper, will be absent.

The first number of the new volume as we noticed in our last, will not be issued until about the 15th of January.

CONDITION OF THE EARTH.



ANY people call this earth a very wicked and corrupt place, and heaven a very glorious, beautiful and delightful place, and yet never think of the reason why one is so much better than the other. The earth itself is not so bad; but it is the people who live here that are wicked. The earth is very lovely, and is a very desirable habitation for man. It obeys the laws of its Great Creator, and yields to man all that he needs to sustain him. It is very wrong for people to blame the earth for the evils that abound in this life. Man, himself, is the sole cause of these evils. It is man's sin that has produced barrenness and desolation upon the earth. The earth has been cursed because of man's transgressions. When the earth was first organized, and man was placed upon it, everything was lovely and beautiful. The earth was fair, and yielded its fruits in great abundance. Every living thing dwelt on the earth in peace. But man soon began to listen to Satan, and broke God's laws. The evils which now exist then commenced to appear. When man began to steal, blaspheme, quarrel, hate one another and murder, then love and peace were withdrawn, and enmity also extended to the animals and birds. Earthquakes tore up the face of the ground, and mountains and valleys were seen. Floods came and the sea spread, and covered parts of the earth, and divided it up. Fruitful spots were turned into deserts, and many changes took place all over the earth, through God's judgments being poured out upon wicked men. Man's sin changed earth in many places from a heaven into a hell.

Now, children, God has sent his truth once more to the earth to redeem man. If men will do his will, and not listen to Satan, the earth will soon be beautiful and lovely again. Will our little readers think of this? This earth obeys the law by which it was created. You can look upon the earth, and upon the trees, fruits and other things that the earth produces, without sorrow. They are pleasant to look upon. But if you look upon men, who do not obey the gospel, you will see strife and envy, hatred and malice, and corruption in every form. There is not much to see that is pleasing among them. The gospel changes all this. Love and peace fill the hearts of all true Saints. They are not filled with anger to one another; their faces are not made hateful by passion and vice, and they are kind in their manners. The animals that belong to them feel their kindness, and they make everything glad by their presence. Our little readers should grow up to be men and women of this kind. They should be lovely to look upon, and there should be nothing hateful about them.

Man is placed at the head of everything that God has put on the earth. He should always act in a way to maintain his position. You will soon become men and women, and by obeying the laws of God, you can help bind the power of Satan, and change earth into a heaven, where holiness and purity will prevail.

The following Bible Questions were inserted in No. 22; we now insert them again, with their answers.

1. Upon what mountain did Noah's ark rest after the flood?

Mount Ararat. (Genesis, chap. viii, verse 4.)

2. From what mountain did Moses see a land he never entered?

Pisgah. (Deuteronomy, chap. iii, verse 27.)

3. What mountain was famous for its cedar trees?

Mount Lebanon. (1 Kings, chap. v, verse 6.)

4. To what mountain did Jacob flee when he fled from the house of Laban?

Mount Gilead. (Genesis, chap. xxxi, verse 21.)

5. From what mountain did Jesus ascend into heaven?

Mount of Olives. (Acts, chap. i, verses 9-12.)

6. Upon what mountain did God descend and speak with Moses?

Mount Sinai. (Exodus, chap. xix, verses 18-25.)

7. From what mountain did Barak descend to give battle to Sisera?

Mount Tabor. (Judges, chap. iv, verse 14.)

8. In what mountain did Esau dwell?

Mount Sier. (Genesis, chap. xxxvi, verse 8.)

ANSWER to Bible Acrostic in No. 22.

1. A prophet who lived between 800 and 400 years before Christ.

(1.) Malachi.

2. A Greek term often applied to our Savior.

(2.) Omega.

(3.) The strongest of men.

(4.) Samson.

3. A city of Og, king of Bashan.

(4.) Edrei.

5. A sect of the Jews who did not believe in the resurrection.

(5.) Sadducees.

The initials, or first letters, give the name of one of the greatest prophets and lawgivers to Israel.

MOSES.

The finals, or last letters, read backwards, give the name of the place where the Lord revealed to him much of his will.

SINAI.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SKETCHES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

TRANCUM'S BRAVERY.—THE SONS OF HELAMAN.

AFTER the death of Amalekiah, his brother Ammoron became the king of the Lamanites, and, with his generals, waged unrelenting and cruel war upon the Nephites for several years. A great many were slain upon both sides, and, as a necessary consequence, there was much sorrow and suffering among the widows, orphans and friends of those who had fallen. The Lamanites, at first, took many cities and prisoners from the Nephites, but were finally obliged to give them up. At last, after many battles, reverses and hardships, Teancum, the brave general who killed Amalekiah, succeeded in killing Ammoron, but lost his own life in consequence. Moroni then fell upon the Lamanites and defeated them with such great slaughter that they fled and did not attempt to trouble the Nephites again for some years. After having established peace throughout the land, Moroni conferred the command of the army upon his son Moronihah and retired to private life to spend his remaining years in peace; Pohorah returned to the duties of his important office of Chief Judge, or President, and Helaman and his brethren again devoted themselves to preaching the word of the Lord to the people. So the Nephites began once more to prosper and become rich, and were blessed with peace. This time they did not forget the Lord quite so soon, but were humble and prayerful before Him and continually thanked Him for their deliverance.

There is one incident connected with this war that is very touching and interesting, and conveys a very important lesson to both old and young. Perhaps you remember the people of Ammon, who had once been Lamanites, but had been converted by the preaching of Ammon and his brethren. These people had sworn that they would no more shed blood, but they had a great many sons grown up to be young men who never had made this vow. When they saw how sorely the Nephites were pressed by the wicked Lamanites, they sent two thousand of these young men under the command of Helaman, whom they chose for their leader, to assist Moroni and his armies.

Now the mothers of these young men had taken great pains to teach them about God and Jesus who was to come, and they had also taught them to trust in God as their Father and Friend, and to believe that He would protect them from all dangers and evils

if they would only exercise faith in Him. When these good mothers parted with their sons and sent them forth to fight for their country, they told them that God would preserve their lives if they did right; so they never were afraid to fight, and although they were in many battles and on one occasion every one was wounded, not one of them was killed—they all lived to return home to their mothers and friends.

Now we have the same God for our father, friend and protector that they had, and He will take care of us as He did of those good young men, if we will put our trust in Him and seek his protection. You would feel very safe if you had an army to defend you and your mothers and fathers from the Indians or any other enemies, and you would feel very much flattered if the kings and queens and rulers of the earth were to offer to be your friends and take care of you. But God can defend and preserve you better than all the armies in the world; and He is greater, wiser and more powerful than all the kings of the earth together,—and what an honor and great privilege it is then to have Him for your friend and protector. Every little boy and girl can enjoy this blessing, for God says if you will commit your way to Him and ask for his guidance He will direct your steps; and Jesus says He loves little children, and He likes to have them pray to Him. Now how many will seek to obtain the strong confidence in God which these good young men enjoyed?

HAVING YOUR OWN WAY.

Do you like to have your own way always, or does it give you pleasure to yield to your parents, and friends, and playmates, and sometimes consult their wishes? You like your own way best, do you? Well, I want to tell you what you may expect in that case. I want to tell you about a little girl that would have her own way, and what sort of a woman she made.

We will call her Lura. She was a pretty little girl, and her parents loved her and wanted to make her happy; and I suppose they thought the best way to make her so was to let her have all she wished, and do just as she liked. But they were mistaken.

God, who knows that we cannot always have our own way as we go through life, has so arranged it that we may learn while we are young to give up our own wishes gracefully and cheerfully, by yielding perfect obedience to the wishes of our parents. And if we do not learn to obey our parents, we are not half prepared to meet the crosses and vexations of life. That is something that children forget when they grow up, and say that it is very hard to be obliged to obey pa and ma.

But Lura did not obey. She had her own way, and we will see what she got by it. Sometimes her pa and ma tried to insist on something that they knew would be for her good, and then she would scold, and cry, and sulk, and be very morose and unhappy, until she could have it just as she liked. Of course she often made herself ridiculous, because her judgment was not so good as that of her parents, and she often felt mortified; but she was no more willing to give up her own way after that than she had been.

Among her playmates she did not show out her disposition quite so much, because she liked to have their good opinion. Still, in all their visits, and games, and amusements, she would usually make some naughty or hateful remark, or show in some other manner that she was not pleased if they did not yield to her wishes. And then she found fault with the weather if that did not suit her, and with a thousand other things that could not be helped, so that she would often spoil a pleasant visit or excursion by her complainings; and if afterwards she had occasion to speak of it she remembered and talked about all the unpleasant things. Of course it often happened that her friends could not please her when they tried, and some of them thought she never was quite pleased with anything, and they doubted if she was able to please herself.

So as youth and vivacity passed away, her friends dropped off one by one, and what new friends she made did not last long, and she became more unhappy than ever.

When she was quite advanced in life her parents died, but those who knew her did not wish to take her into their houses to board. She then married, but when her husband found out her disposition, he treated her so unkindly that she could not feel at home in her house. She then went to her brothers with her complaints, but they said to themselves, "Why should we make ourselves and our families unhappy by trying in vain to please her? She never was satisfied anywhere, and she never will be, no matter how much is done for her."

I do not know what is to become of her. She thinks, "O, if I could go to such a place, or if I could do this and so, I should be happy!" but she is mistaken. Her habits are fixed, and she finds it difficult to be really happy in this world. She finds it very hard to submit to God's will, much more difficult than it would have been if she had in early life learned submission to her earthly parents. O children, when you are tempted to be wilful and disobedient, stop and think whether it pays to insist on having your own way!—Selected.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET
(CONTINUED.)

HE report opens with a statement of the circumstances under which the Saints had settled in Clay county, and that a crisis had come, and that duty to the old settlers, their families and the best interests of the county demanded the removal of the Saints from the county. Among other things set forth as reasons why they should leave, we find the following: "They are eastern men, whose manners, habits, customs and even dialect, are essentially different from our own. They are *non-slaveholders*, and opposed to slavery, which in this peculiar period, when abolitionism has reared its deformed and haggard visage in our land, is well calculated to excite deep and abiding prejudices in any community where slavery is tolerated and protected. In addition to all this, they are charged, as they have heretofore been, with keeping up a constant communication with the Indian tribes on our frontier, with declaring, even from the pulpit, that the Indians are a part of God's chosen people, and are destined by heaven to inherit this land in common with themselves."

These charges were the only ones made against the Saints; if we may except that they were charged with having encouraged the rapid emigration of their brethren and sisters, and having purchased lands and offered to purchase in the county, and given evidence of a desire to settle there permanently.

The Saints were compelled to leave the county because they were eastern men and *non-slaveholders*. Since then armies led by eastern generals have traversed the State, freeing the slaves and inflicting all the horrors of civil war upon the people. By compelling the Saints to leave, they hoped to escape civil war and to be able to live in peace and to be unmolested in their enslavement of the blacks; but how cruelly they deceived themselves, or suffered the devil to deceive them, the events of the past few years have proved!

They suggested the Territory of Wisconsin, as a suitable place for the Saints to move to; Wisconsin not being a State at that time, and having but few inhabitants; but they said: "We do not contend that we have the least right, under the constitutions and laws of the country, to expel them by force."

The report and resolutions were submitted to our people, and a meeting of the Elders was called on the 1st of July. A preamble and resolutions were drawn up and submitted to the meeting. These were mild and kind in their tone, and defended the people against the cruel charges which were made against the Saints. The brethren resolved to leave the county as soon as they could, and to use their exertions to have the Church do the same. The citizens of Clay county held another meeting, at which they accepted the preamble and resolutions adopted by the Elders at their meeting, as perfectly satisfactory.

During the months of September and October following, the Saints commenced moving from Clay county to Shoal creek. When they first moved there, their country was attached to Ray county. There were only seven men in that county at the time the Saints moved to settle there. These men were bee-hunters, and lived at various points on Shoal creek and its branches. Honey-bees were wild in that country, and they made their hives in hollow trees in the woods. These men followed the business of tracking them and they were ready to sell out to the Saints, as they said, they had found all the honey there was there, the timber not being very plentiful. Before the Saints moved there, they bought out these men, which left the whole country unoccupied. This country was not thought to be worth much by the people of Missouri, because there was but little timber there, and it was scattered along the banks of the creeks. To the Saints, however, it was a home, which, after their wanderings and persecutions, they could enjoy. They gathered there in considerable numbers, and in

December they petitioned the Legislature of the State of Missouri to have it incorporated as a new county. This was granted during that month, and the county was named Caldwell. The brethren commenced entering U. S. land, with a view to pre-emption, and busied themselves during the Fall and Winter in building houses and preparing to put in crops in the Spring. The city of Far West was laid out, and in the Spring of 1837 some preparations were made for the building of a House of the Lord in that city. The ground for this edifice was broken, and the cellar nearly finished, on the 3rd of July.

On the 25th of July, 1836, Joseph, accompanied by his brother Hyrum and Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery, left Kirtland for the East. They stopped at Salem, Massachusetts, about a month, teaching the people from house to house, and preaching publicly as opportunity offered. While they were at this city, they were visited by President Brigham Young, who had been through New York, Vermont and Massachusetts, in company with his brother Joseph. They had visited their relatives in that country, and had baptized a good number.

In the beginning of 1837 the "Kirtland Safety Society" was organized as a Banking Institution, and commenced the issue of notes. Joseph afterwards resigned his position in the "Safety Society," and withdrew from the institution, being fully convinced, as he said, after so long an experiment, that no institution of the kind, established upon just and righteous principles, for a blessing not only to the church but the whole nation, would be suffered to continue its operations in such an age of darkness, speculation and wickedness.

During this winter (1836-7) the House of the Lord at Kirtland was filled to overflowing on Sundays with attentive hearers, mostly members of the church. On Sunday evenings the singers met in the House. On Monday evenings the quorum of High Priests met in one of the rooms of the upper story. On Tuesday evenings the Seventies occupied the same room. The Elders met there on Wednesday evenings, and on Thursday evenings a prayer meeting was held in the lower part of the House. Besides these meetings, the Twelve, the High Council and other quorums generally held their meetings once each week to transact business.

In the early part of the summer of 1837 the spirit of speculation in lands and property of all kinds took possession of many men in the church at Kirtland. It was the beginning of a season of trial which stands unequalled in the history of the church, and which those who passed through it will never forget. Evil surmisings, fault-finding, disunion, dissension and apostasy followed in quick succession, as the fruits of the spirit which prevailed. It seemed as though all the powers of earth and hell were combining their influence to an extraordinary extent to overthrow the church at once and to make a final end of the work of God. No quorum in the church was entirely exempt from the influence of those false spirits who were striving against Joseph for the mastery. The enemy abroad, and apostates in the midst of the Saints, were united together in their schemes. Disobedience to counsel brought many evils upon the people; but, instead of their ascribing them to the true cause, they became disaffected towards Joseph, and looked upon him as the man who had brought all their trouble upon them! Even some of the Twelve Apostles were so far lost to their high and responsible calling that they began to take sides secretly with the enemy. They had turned speculators, and had lost the spirit of their calling and of the work.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE BOY WHO PRAYED.

Boys are, or ought to be, taught to pray; and so should girls. But many of them do not know how important the results are which often follow prayer. It seems difficult for them to realize that in prayer we are speaking to our Father in heaven, and that He hears and answers us when we pray in faith and with sincerity of heart. We will tell our young readers about a boy who prayed, and whose prayers were answered in a way that brought very great blessings, which are enjoyed by all Latter-day Saints.

Between forty and fifty years ago there lived a boy in the State of New York, in a place where there was much religious excitement, and where the clergy of the various sects were very anxious to make converts to the faiths they professed. Children who have been born and raised in the Church in this Territory have never seen anything of the kind here, where the people profess the faith of the gospel and are taught by men holding the holy Priesthood. And they do not know how difficult it is for a simple, honest mind to decide who is right among numerous teachers that oppose each other. This boy was led to reflect seriously on religion, and his mind was filled with great uneasiness to know what he ought to do, and which of the sects, or religious parties he should join.

While in this state of mind, one day, when reading in the Bible, he read the following words, in the first chapter and fifth verse of the Epistle by James, one of the Apostles of former times:—"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth unto all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." The words came home to his heart with great power, for he felt, as every boy and girl should feel, that he did indeed need wisdom; and who so able to give it as God, who is all-wise? He determined, after much reflection, that he would "ask of God," and for this purpose he went into the woods to pray. The Lord heard his prayers, and revealed Himself unto him; and from the hour of that prayer, he began to learn of the work which God was about to commence on the earth, and which the Saints are now laboring to perform, even the establishment of the kingdom of God and the salvation of mankind.

That boy was the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose biography is being published in the INSTRUCTOR, that our readers may become familiar with it. He prayed, and God heard and answered his prayer, as He will hear and answer the prayer of every boy and girl, and of every man and woman, who prays with equal sincerity and faith.

Children, do you pray? We hope so; and, also, that you "ask of God" in simplicity, with faith and sincerity, those things which you need. The Lord may not appear to you as He did to Joseph, for there is not the same reason why He should do so, but your earnest, honest, simple prayers He will hear and answer. The Prophet Joseph was chosen by God to open this last dispensation; he humbled himself before the Lord and prayed often; and his prayers were answered. You can pattern after him; you can ask the Father in heaven for those things which you need, for His Holy Spirit that will fill your minds with intelligence; and you will grow in the knowledge of God, and in the possession of those principles which will make you good, and great, and wise unto salvation. Be praying children, and you will grow up to be good men and women, loved by the Lord and respected by all good people.

THE RIDDLER.

The following have correctly answered the Charade in No. 22—the answer is NEWEL KIMBALL WHITNEY: Eliza A. Rumell, Ellen C. Rumell, Willard Kay and Lehi S. Tingey.

Ellen C. Rumell has given the correct answer to the Charade by H. W. Brown in No. 23, which is ANDREW CARHON; and Eliza A. Rumell to the one in the same number by G. S. Lincoln, the answer to which is KARL G. MARSER.

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